

# THE INDIAN MAID.

Newton Crosland.

J. L. Hatton.

*f Andante con moto.* *p*

A dusk - y maid with Eb - on hair Sits by the Gan - ges Riv - er; With

hope and fear her fond heart beats, Her part - ed lips they quiv - er. **A**

*dim.* *ff*

fi - ner light is in her eye, Than that whose fit - ful shin - ing Now

*p*

thrills her soul with sud - den joy, Now sets it to re - pin - ing.

*p*

And as the riv - er flows a - long, She sings, she soft - ly

And as the

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Ah, *pp* sings her mys - tic song, *pp* her mys - - -  
 riv - er flows a - long, She sings *pp* her mys - -  
 . . . . .  
 tic song, She soft - ly sings her mys - tic song,  
 tic song,  
 . . . . .  
 She sings her mys - tic song. . . . .  
 And well Life's riv - er flow - ing by, Still flows be - neath a star - ry  
 sky, And well Life's riv - er flow - ing by, Still flows be - neath a  
 Flows, . . . . .  
 And well Life's riv - er flow - ing by, Still flows, . . . . .  
 star - ry sky, . . . A star - ry sky. . . .  
 A star - ry sky. . . .  
 Flows be - neath a star - ry sky. . . .